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VALUE OF THE TROLLEY

A man started from a Michigan town not long ago, and with but one short break journeyed by trolley to New England. It is said that it will soon be possible to make the entire journey in this manner.

The rapid progress which has been made in this method of travel is likely to cause more changes in our civilization than any other one thing since the invention of the telegraph. It has already assisted enormously in the development of suburban settlements. People who would once have been living in tenements or shanties are now occupying comfortable, if humble, homes in the suburbs; and the middle class people, who have flocked to the cities within the past twenty years, would not have found life there possible without the trolley, which enables them to live a little out of town. They are the people who do not like city life for themselves or their children, who want to own their homes, and breathe fresh air, and they are in

some respects the best class of Americans.

There are, however, many improvements yet to be made in the trolley system. It was suggested some time ago that dining cars be put on suburban lines in which there is a heavy morning and evening travel, and this is said actually to be contemplated in Chicago. Another addition to the usefulness of the trolley is the freight car, which assists in the delivery of goods as well as passengers in out-of-town neighborhoods.

There is no reason why, in course of time, the electric car should not supersede the wagon of the market-man, and fruit, vegetables, meats, and groceries be brought to the door of the out-of-town resident by this means. This is done in England, and it can, and probably will, be done here. This improvement, again, would mean fewer horses in every city, a consummation devoutly to be wished. And there are many other developments, doubtless, of which nobody has yet dreamed.

THE FLAME AND THE MOTH

By ANDREW WALKER

She watched the candle's flickering flame
In the silent night, in the silent night,
A woman of strange, mysterious might,
And over her face there came, there came
A light like the flame of the candle flame.
She laughed and she thought of her latest day,
This brilliant, beautiful human flame,
She thought of the lovers that came, that came,
She thought of the wretches that went away.
She laughed as devils are thought to do,
She laughed, she laughed when into the room
Out of the night's unearthly gloom
A great white ghost-moth fluttering flew.
She laughed as nearer it came, it came,
And fluttered and circled about the light,
With its wings of glimmering, shimmering white,
Fluttering nearer and nearer the flame.
But all of a sudden the wings of white
Out of the wonderful dazzling maze
Swept through the flickering, flaring blaze,
Swept and smothered the candle's light.
And rushing darkness flooded the room,
And the woman ached with a silent dread,
And her hands went cold and her heart went dead,
And her face went white in the awful gloom.

PROGRESS OF ZIONISM IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

Zionism and the Zionists are probably attracting less attention in America than they are in Europe, because in America more privileges are accorded to Jews than in any other country on this side. The Zionist movement, which promises to be one of the questions of the new century, has had its origin in the strong anti-Semitic feeling in Paris of the countries of Europe, says a Paris letter in the "Brooklyn Eagle," and has for its aim the re-establishment of this race in a fatherland of its own, that Judea may once again have place among the nations of the earth. It would gather together once more the dispersed children of the tribes of Israel, from all the lands where persecution, open or covert, appears to be their heritage, and give them the land of their fathers that they may dwell in it forever.

Among the leaders of the Zionist movement are Dr. Herzl and Max Nordau, each of whom is hailed as the Moses of this second exodus. The question of the resettlement of the Jews in Palestine was marked in France when civil rights were proclaimed just after the Revolution. In the time of the first Napoleon there was bitter agitation among the Jews, some of whom wanted all prayers mentioning the hoped-for return to Palestine suppressed, others wishing it ever kept before them that they were the chosen people, wanderers for the time, but ultimately to be gathered home again.

All the governments are beginning to look upon Zionism as a project which in time may be realized. Some time ago Dr. Herzl had an interview with the Sultan, and he is not averse to a Jewish colonization in his domains. Indeed, he sees that a Jewish settlement will add immensely to the revenues of his country. England does not look upon the movement with much enthusiasm, as there are lands in the Ottoman empire which she controls. Still, she will remain neutral in a matter over which she is not as enthusiastic as less personally interested nations.

From the time Dr. Herzl took the sub-

ject in hand the awakening of Zionism has been great in all countries, and under the directorship of Dr. Herzl and Dr. Nordau annual Zionist congresses have been held in which all important questions relating to the subject are discussed. In the first one standing committees were organized, consisting of prominent Jews in each country, whose object is to elevate the moral, mental, and physical condition of their people. But nothing can be done without funds, and it was decided that a colonial Jewish bank be founded with a capital of \$10,000,000 to aid the Jewish Palestine colonization. The chief seat of this bank is in London; it is already in working order, and in France \$100,000 has been subscribed to establish a bank. It will be interesting to those who, in America, pay some attention to this movement of the Jews, to learn that 120,000 shares of \$5 each have been taken by Russian Jews who oftentimes are obliged to club five or six together to buy one share. During his lifetime Baron de Hirsch took an active part in the progress of Zionism and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, the representative of the important house in France, looks favorably on the movement. Zadoc-Khan, the great rabbi of France, is an active worker.

COST OF OCEAN SPEEDING.

Much has been said of late regarding the speed of the German Atlantic greyhounds; not enough, perhaps, has been said regarding the cost of this speed. The latest creation of the North German Lloyd, Kaiser William II, is designed to do twenty-four knots an hour, at an expenditure of 40,000 indicated horsepower. Our White Star liner Cedric, the largest ship in the world, will go seventeen knots with 14,000 horsepower. But, says the "Shipping World," the Kaiser Wilhelm will burn 750 tons of coal per day, which is 190 per cent more than the Cedric; and she will need 256 more hands to work her. Curiously enough, of her crew of 600, only 45 will be ordinary sailors, the remainder being mechanics of various orders.—London Telegraph.

IRRESPONSIBILITY OF BOHEMIANS A POPULAR DELUSION

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, President of the New York Press Club.

Webster defines a bohemian as a "restless vagabond—an idle stroller or gypsy; an adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes, or free morals."

This, in the mind of many a sober, sedate, citizen, is the picture conjured up by the term "bohemian" even today.

He is an unshaven, shabby, or pseudo-artist, who is in doubt whether he is a morose or not. His cuffs are frayed and his shirt soiled; he affects absinthe and cheap cigarettes, and prates a "coming equality of man"—the term equality meaning to him his ability to strike a fellow-diner or associate for the price of a lunch. And this allows him to become, for the nonce, his equal.

But there is another "bohemian" unknown to the average individual, who trots around in his small circle of common-places, a bohemian who is as different from the unkempt creature of circumstance as the true literary spirit differs from the false, the gentleman differs from the loafer.

This new bohemian is an evolution of the nineteenth century.

He is a step beyond the type drawn so cleverly by Henry Murger and two steps beyond the living models of his story people—found in Paris today. He is a man of the world who has mingled with many classes.

He has a keen brain and a clean heart. He eats a good dinner and writes a good book. He is alive upon all topics of the day, and is equally conversant with the oldest philosophy and the latest opera. He cares little for convention, less for society, and least of all for Mrs. Grundy.

He recognizes and applauds talent, even when found in a rival, and is an all-round good-hearted, generous-natured fellow, who does not deceive himself about his capacity, his motives or his character. He does not "compound for sins he is inclined to by damning those he has no mind to;" for, whatever may be his shortcomings, he is no hypocrite. In the use of his money he may not exhibit the greatest prudence, the strictest economy or the best judgment; but he is generous to

the point of benevolence. He smiles upon the world, and the world mirrors back his smile.

He can be satirical, vindictive even, with tongue or pen; but he also has the lovely powers of sympathy, of sincerity, of independence, and of personality. He may be a cynic, but he is an interesting one.

He understands human nature, the world and those that live in it. He refuses to drift with the current, to think as others think, to say what others are saying. But he has good reason for his refusal—he has a thought worth expressing, a word worth hearing.

This modern bohemian is aggressive, progressive, fearlessly courageous. He dares to venture out of the beaten path. Irresponsible?

He shrinks from neither old nor new responsibilities. He keeps his word and pays his debts. He has the strength of will to resist and to persist. He stirs up thought and action. He routs out the old and defends the new. He displays the courage of truth over against the cowardice of falsehood. He is the mental and moral stimulant of the day.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

ROBERT GRAY, in "Success."

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling all ill-feeling aside
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in your breast to abide;
For your step o'er life's path will be lighter,
When the load from your bosom is cast,
And the glorious sky will seem brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though your spirit swell high with emotion
To give back injustice again,
Sink the thought in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.

Oh, why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away—
Or seek to encounter tomorrow,
The blast that o'erswept us today?

Our life's stream is a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide,
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It must foam when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

THE COPTIC CHURCH.

Now that the Abbey is closed to the public, none are more thankful than the police, for they see the early ending of coronation duties. Accustomed to the bustle of the streets, the dim light and the awful silence, especially during the long night watches, have but their own depression. Their other hardship, the myriad questions put by the 55 and 26 crowds, was easily remedied before the 60 folks came. Huge labels were placed upon the chairs and foldstools of interest. One relic, however, though it occupied a prominent position, remained for the most part unquestioned and unnoticed, namely, the silver votive cross of the Abyssinian envoy, Ras Makonnen.

Representing as it does the Coptic Church, the most debased in Christendom, it might have been supposed that some among the tens of thousands of visitors would have been shocked at its presence within that sanctum sanctorum of British Christianity. As to the Coptic ritual, the last dawn of the Abbey, Dean Stanley, has left us a vivid picture. Egypt is the mother church, the patriarch of Alexandria, as he is called, living at Cairo. Not even the priests understand the language of the services—essentially the same as that used by the Pharisees, with a mixture of the tongue of Homer.

In its ritual is found an admixture of ancient Egyptian and Jewish ceremonial together with that of primitive Christianity. Here ordination is conferred not by the laying on of hands, but by breathing, the universal kiss is interchanged among the congregation. Children may act as deacons, and may receive the sacrament—bread dipped in wine. In Abyssinia the Jewish and Egyptian ritual is carried still further to excess. The ark is the center of worship, which includes dancing. Circumcision is regarded as of equal importance as baptism.

The Jewish Sabbath is observed. Distinction is drawn between clean and unclean animals. Polygamy also has lingered on. So extreme is their belief in external rites to wash away sin that the greatest festival of the year amounts to annual baptism of the whole nation. They have canonized Pilate, because he washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man."—London Chronicle.

ABODE OF EOLUS.

From the Lipari Islands of mythology, the abode of Eolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari Islands of today, is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the islands.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LIFE OF A CONVICT

A phase of the modern study of crime and its prevention consists in the perusal of the criminal's own story of his career. Not satisfied with the evidence of the scientific observer, the philanthropist of today strives to become acquainted with the criminal's view of things, in order to deal with him the more effectively. One of the magazines has published a part of the autobiography of a thief, in which occurs the following account of a convict's life in prison:

"If I had little work to do in prison, how did I spend the time? At Auburn, where I lived the greater part of my first term, the routine of my life was as follows: After rising in morning I would sweep out my cell, turn up my bed and blankets and clean up. Then to breakfast; then, if there was no work to do, I would go back to my cell and eat a small portion of opium. Then I would exercise with dumbbells and take a sponge bath with cold water. Next would come a nap till dinner time. After dinner I would read and think in my cell until 3 o'clock, when I would go to the bucket ground or exercise in the yard, in the lock-step with the others, for half an hour. Then back to the cell, taking with me bread and a cup of coffee made out of burnt bread-crust for my supper. The count was made at 6 o'clock to see that all was right for the night. After that I read in my cell as long as the oil lasted."

It is, perhaps, a mistake for the normal man to look at the criminal's circumstances as if they were his own, for the reason that the degenerate mind craves excitement and occupation of a kind which does not appeal to the perfectly

healthy moral sense. It is undoubtedly true that the squalid surroundings of some criminals suit them better than clean and healthy quarters would. But, all the same, there is room for a query whether the life above described is not a kind of reform the malefactor or to have precisely the opposite effect. It seems as if the expensive job of putting a thief in prison and keeping him there for a term of years might as well be made a reformatory job if possible.

To the normal man the idleness and self-absorption of such a life would mean, in the great majority of cases, demoralization. At the end of five years of it he would either crave intense excitement and action, beyond that afforded by the ordinary routine of business, or he would not want to do anything at all. In either case he would become a nuisance to the community, as an active criminal or a pauper and petty thief. There is no possible doubt that many of the more enterprising criminals of this country spend their time when in prison in thinking out new ways to commit depredations, and where opportunity offers, in training less experienced scamps in crime.

What is the use of establishing a crime university at great expense to the State, and letting the graduates thereof loose at the expiration of stated terms, to prey upon the community, and measure their wits against those of the authorities, till they are again caught? Those who advocate a treatment of the criminal which shall awaken his ambition to behave himself are often called sentimentalists; but the sentimentality which is desperately afraid of treating people too well sometimes causes more mistakes than it prevents.

JAVANESE METHOD OF INDUCING SLEEP.

Dr. Steiner observed in Java a method employed to induce sleep. It consists in compressing the carotid arteries. The operator sits on the ground behind the patient, whose neck he seizes with both hands. The index and middle fingers are then pushed forward into the carotids, which are compressed toward the spine. The patient's respiration becomes more rapid and more profound and his head relaxes backward. The method is absolutely harmless, anaesthesia is rapidly obtained and the patient wakes promptly with no symptoms of nausea or malaise.

Dr. Steiner declares the method to be well known in Java, where it is used to relieve headache, sleeplessness, etc., and points out the fact that the carotid artery was known to the ancients as arteria soporifera, and that its name in modern Russian is "artery of sleep." He does not seem to know that the method is widely practiced in India. Kipling's Kim, for example, is put to sleep by a process of the sort. Dr. Steiner experimented upon thirty Javanese and was successful in all but five cases. He sat in front of the patient placing his right hand on the left, his left hand on the right side of the patient's neck. When the ends of his fingers met at the back of the neck he placed his thumbs back and a little below the angles of the lower jaw. The beating of the carotid was felt, and then a moderate pressure toward the spine was applied. The loss of consciousness was complete, and in one case an abscess was lanced without sensation on the patient's part.—Baltimore American.

VIOLA.

Viola is a juggler's fair,
As you can plainly see;
She always keeps us in the air,
And we're not one, two, three.
And when she drops a chap or two,
It surely is no joke.
To find she gets a man that's new
Because the old one's broke!
—Sam Stinson.

BIRTHDAY FETES IN JAPAN

Japan is the land of topsy-turvy, and so, perhaps, it is only to be expected that individual birthdays—with the exception of that of the Emperor—are not taken any notice of, but of a sort of general birthday of everybody altogether is celebrated with great rejoicing. There are two of these general birthdays, one for each sex. The male birthday, which is known as the "celebration of the boys," occurs on the third day of the third month, and the "celebration of the girls" takes place on the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are general holidays for the young. All studies and work are generally put aside, and boys and girls respectively receive presents according to their station.

The birthday of the Mikado, or Ten-o, as he is more properly styled, is also a general holiday for the Japanese everywhere. The houses are all decorated with flags, and in the evening the streets are gay with the lights of innumerable colored lanterns. In the morning the highest authorities go to the palace to offer their congratulations in person and the lower degrees offer them vicariously to their superiors. All the Japanese world somehow or other congratulate their monarch on having added another year to his age.

This extends even to the Japanese legations abroad. For instance, in November the attaches and secretaries of the Japanese legation in Grosvenor Gardens, London, will present their congratulations to the minister; the minister will wire him to the foreign minister at

NOISES IN THE LIBRARY

A Westerner's Complaint.

It would be hard to tell the joy a book-lover feels when, for once in a lifetime, he lands in the Library of Congress in this city. And equally hard to tell his disappointment when, quietly seated with books that he can never hope to own, he prepares to make good use of the one chance in his life, and finds that he cannot read for the noises around him. While trying to read something that requires close attention to understand, a sixteen-year-old boy next to me is reading a novel and clacks on the floor with his feet.

I take my books and go to another seat, and just opposite to me two pretty girls are sitting with books open, but whispering about something other than what they are pretending to read. I gather up my books and go farther away, and in a few minutes two more of our American girls with the usual good looks and bad manners are whispering.

And in despair I go back to my first place. The boy has turned in his book, and while waiting for another he takes something out of his pocket—a button of some sort—and rolls it down the sloping desk. And I endure that till he goes away, and the evening is then half lost.

I have always opposed the increase of offices, but am in favor of an officer for the reading room, to be called monitor, whose duty it shall be to admonish persons who carry on protracted conversations. There is none of that in the reading room of the British Museum, the best reading room in the world.

Not one in ten of us Westerners ever in a lifetime gets to see Washington, though we pay our share of the expense of the buildings here, and it is pretty hard lines when the tenth man does get here that he cannot get an hour's quiet reading.

SLEEP--THE BEAUTIFIER

The subject of sleep is one in which every woman is interested. Sleep is not only necessary, and a great physical comforter and restorer, but it is a beautifier.

It is pretty little Mme. Butterfly who says: "If I sleep an hour then I shall be pretty again." The Japanese women understand the arts of beauty. They know how to brighten the hair and make it shine. They understand the trick of gesture and the using of the voice. And more, they know the value of sleep.

Sleep, in the right amount, clears the skin, brightens the eyes, and gives expression to the face. It takes away that haggard look, fills out the hollows around the eyes, fills out the cheeks, removes those lines about the mouth, smooths out the forehead and makes a new woman of you.

IRELAND A SUMMER RESORT.

Japan is the land of topsy-turvy, and so, perhaps, it is only to be expected that individual birthdays—with the exception of that of the Emperor—are not taken any notice of, but of a sort of general birthday of everybody altogether is celebrated with great rejoicing. There are two of these general birthdays, one for each sex. The male birthday, which is known as the "celebration of the boys," occurs on the third day of the third month, and the "celebration of the girls" takes place on the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are general holidays for the young. All studies and work are generally put aside, and boys and girls respectively receive presents according to their station.

Ireland's popularity as a resort for summer tourists has received an additional impetus during the last twelve months, with the result that its railways, hotels and various attractions are now much thronged. Not only do the English and Scotch resort less to the Continent when holiday-making—being offended by the Anglophobe attitude of the Continental public during the Boer war—but French, Germans and other Continental pleasure-seekers are resorting to Ireland in excursions. Several new lines of steamers have been put in service for tourist traffic and the Irish railways have greatly developed their facilities. Some of the latter have built numbers of fine hotels in attractive parts of Ireland, with the idea of fostering the tourist business, and have been remarkably successful. The inevitable golf links have been laid out in connection with new hotels, so that sports are everywhere provided. Excursions are got up for antiquaries, climbers and lovers of fine scenery, who are favored with railway schedules made for their convenience. The Irish people realize at length the vast wealth of resources that lie at their command, and hope to place their country in competition with Switzerland as an attraction for the British and Continental tourist. The Cork International Exhibition is just now the prominent attraction for many visitors, who make Cork the starting point for trips through a romantic and interesting country.—London Times.

SOME STUPENDOUS FIGURES.

The total annual export value of United States meat—of which beef forms the principal item—is in round figures \$100,000,000. If we add to this the distributive sales of the various packing establishments in the United States for the domestic market as well, we find that it reaches the enormous total of 1,000,000 carloads, valued at \$2,000,000,000. Added to this is the value of the many by-products of the packing-house, which amounts to many millions more.—Leads.

A PROVERB ANTICIPATED.

"Do you believe that the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust?" "Not a bit of it. The unjust have the umbrella."—Detroit Free Press.

THE AGE OF BEAUTY.

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty.

Helen of Troy came upon the stage at the age of forty.

Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe.

The old saying about sweet sixteen is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity, for beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring, as found in a waxen doll. A woman's best and richest years are from twenty-six to forty. No woman is passe at an earlier day.

UP-TO-DATE SYNONYMS

You can pay me in simoleons or plunks;
If you want to touch me simply pull my leg;
I'd as soon be up against it as get it in the neck,
I'd as well be on the bum as have to beg.

If it's off with you you're certain to be it;
If you blink your peepers you must close your lamps;

Nobody does a thing to you when you are sent to grass;
If you make me tired you're apt to give me cramps.

If you're dotty or you're off you must have wheels;
Every four-time winner's sure to get the cream;

You're a mug, or mark, or cove, or guy, or bloke, just as you please;
That is right, straight goods and also it's no dream.

You can pipe me off or merely size me up;
If you're sloppy you are lushed or o'feide;

If you're on the water wagon you must put the shutters up;
You can brace or bone me, just as you decide.

If you won't pull down your vest then take a brace;
If you want to drop me simply cut me out;

Try to tumble or to savvy or get next or be put wise.

Or you'll never twig what this is all about.

—Portland Oregonian.

VAGARIES OF SOUND.

"It is curious how men are afflicted by sounds," remarked an observant citizen, "and I suppose I am just about as susceptible to torture from this source as most other men. I can understand why it was that the primitive man believed that the echo was a mocking spirit, for I have heard echoes myself which sent the cold chills up my back. Go into the Mammoth Cave and yell in a deep voice if you want to learn something of the horribleness of the echo. Or go into some of the lesser caverns in the Ozarks and go through the same performance and you will be impressed in the same way. It is something awe-inspiring, something suggestive of ghosts, and one cannot ward off the cold shivers. And there are other sounds which have the same effect. For instance, there are but few persons who are not annoyed by the howl of a dog, and it doesn't matter whether they take any stock in the old legend that it is a bad omen or not. The sound is terrifying. Take the shrill shriek of the screech owl as another instance. I have seen men and women of a high order of intelligence burn leather and stick the poker in the fire and do other things in an effort to suppress the horrible noise made by the screech owl. Of course, the owl would go right along with the howling noise just the same, despite the burning leather and the red hot poker. Sound has a strange influence on the human mind, and I guess we must inherit, in an unconscious sort of way, some of the superstitions of our savage ancestry; else we would not quake and get cold when we hear some of these more horrible sounds. I guess we are but partly civilized after all, for our minds are not yet strong enough to ward off the bad influence of the mythical things associated with the sounds we hear."—Galveston News.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"Dear me, John," called the cobbler's wife, "are you never going to stop work? It's most 12 o'clock." "What's the difference," answered the busy man of the last, "it's never too late to mend."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.